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POW-WOW

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FEB. 25, 1948

VOL. I - NO. I

LITTLE CHIEF SUCCOTASH

This is Little Chief Succotash, our mascot. He is a bothersome cuss, always prying into other people's affairs. Succotash has caused many aches and pains in the past, and probably will continue to do so in the future. Still he is a nice chap to know. When aroused, he dons his warpaint and off he goes to do battle for his ideals, but in peacetime, he is always full of jokes and ready for a laugh. Like all men, Succotash is cursed with women troubles. His buxom squaw, Minnie Choo-Choo, is quite a shrew, and all poor Succotash can do is listen stoicly. But then, like a rubber ball, he bounces back after every blast as cocky as ever, and ready for any fight, whether in athletics, editorials, or at a drinking bout at Grandy's. (That belly ain't there for nothing.)

Hats off to Succotash, the pride of the sheet!!!

EDITORIAL VIEWS

THE GAME

In this evil, cynical world, no man is trusted, nothing is taken at face value. The question arises always, "What's your game, Mac?" Therefore, the members of the Editorial staff of this new and wonderful publication, Bow-Wow, would like to present their "game," so that everything can be aboveboard. As is stated in Bow-Wow's constitution, the purpose of the staff is to promote school spirit in a campus sadly lacking in the co-operation that typifies life in other colleges. "It is the determination of the staff to present beneficial criticism whenever and wherever it is needed. There can be no doubt that it is needed. Perhaps, in its initial zealous efforts, the staff will hurt the feelings of some. The staff does not intend to do so, but then, the truth does hurt sometimes, doesn't it?

THE REASON

This year, the governmental branches of the school, the Senate and the Maroon Key, have performed their duties only after rather heavy prodding; and even then not always in the manner expected of men able to hold the reins of responsibility. Although it is sometimes considered uncouth to recall past errors, one cannot help remembering what a farce was made, both of hazing and elections, when the Freshman class had only one-half the representatives it was supposed to have in nominating class officers. One of these representatives readily admits he had never heard of half the people for whom he voted. Such negligence is not seen in a well-run, unified organization. Of course, these organizations have not received too much co-operation from the student body, but a strong government makes school spirit. It is therefore the duty of every student to vote for the men he believes to be most capable of maintaining the position in the coming elections. Fraternity and sports loyalty must be abolished as must be the asinine reasoning that one votes for a friend merely because he is a buddy, and not for what he can do. If this is accomplished it is possible that this University will someday take its place among the other great colleges of the country. If not, the school body will continue in this weak-willed, shoddy manner, accomplishing nothing, making a mess of everything it attempts.

A ND MOREOVER....

The pow er of the fraternity cannot be overlooked. It is a common fact that class spirit ends with the freshman year. After tha t, there are no Sophomores, J unions, or Seniors, but only fraternity men and independents, causing a continuous bickering for s upremacy. I is in the caus of this s uprem - a cy that the plan to band the frats together for the coming elections as formed. Supremecy will not save the frats ho ever. They made a mess of it hile they had it. Co-operation is the only ans er, but the frats ill not acc ept this. The se frats are no in the position of a bunch of barr n, squawking hens, mill ing together in hopes of e scaping Old Fa rmer Independent's A xe, crying to be saved, but refusing to save themselves by laying eggs. Let the frats take notice. Secret plans will get you nowhere. Start laying brothers, start laying.

CAMPUS CHEST

The Ca mpus Chest ill son be soliciting funds from the student body. Mos t of the money ill be used to aid students in China ho, to gain an education, deprive themselves of all luxuries and most necessities. A postponed trip to Grand y's ill help fell ow students in other na tions.

SQUIRT !!!

"Wa ter a ter every here...." ca n b ailed as loudly by the victims of Butterfield's Pistol Brigade a s by Coleridge 's hero. SHUr , MAny a poor la d walking nonchalantLEE do n the hall has been rudely OGAN up out of a daydream by a cry of"PUTNAM up" and a steady stream of water. I t is of no us to hide from these childish pranksters. N o matter ho FARRAR ay on is, the squirt al ways seems to reach. There seems no way to stop these moist Junior G-men. They OSBOURNE wet; they have bee n wetting ver since momma automatically reached for a clean diaper hen little BRIAN or KEN started to cry. And now, gro n in body but not in mind, they are still wetting. Dignity is completely lacking in these creatures. (For s urely they cann ot be men?) The ir looks of sly anticipa tion as they sulk through the corridors, their "gats" ready, and their unholy cackles of glee as their shot finds its mark make one wonder if something is not missing - brains, perhaps? It is surprising that such charicatures of mankind managed to reach college, and amazing that they remain. Perhaps it ould be better if these boys did a BRODY and forgot to come up. In other ords, Plutz nur , fellows.

A WORD TO THE WISE

Girls, if your date for the Butterfield dance is a clumsy Joe ho, in trying to do a fancy turn, drops you on your sacroliac (sp.?), here are a few helpful hints on hat to do:

1. Get up gracefully. People ill think it is part of the dance.
2. Get out your handkerchief and start rubbing the floor. You may be mistaken for the scrub woman.
3. Lie there as if you had fainted. Your partner ill take you out for some air, and ho kno s, something interesting may develop.
4. Start scrambling about the floor madly, scr ching, "I lost my diamond-worth-$5000-brooch!!" Imm diat ly everyone else ill be on the floor ith you, and you on't be so noticable.
5. Spike the punch befor hand. Then no one ill care hether you are on the floor or waltzing on the ceiling.

* * * *

SPORTS

THAT'S US!!

Let us interrupt old "Pop Time" in his endless journey and send him via detour to last autumn. Some of you whose brains have not been too badly destroyed because of textwork will probably realize that that was when everyone was singing loudly the praises of a winning athletic team - the Freshman Football eleven. And reason there was for such praise of the team. Many observers(not all freshmen) had watched the weekly scrimmage sessions in which the fresh more than held their own against the faltering varsity. Such observers saw the varsity squads try to run their plays through the magnificent team of freshmen. The 2 varsity groups alternated, trying desperately to pierce the tiring freshman line. Onslaughts were repelled again and again by the fresh. When the varsity tried to operate from their sluggish T-formation, the hard-charging line of the freshman squad smothered the plays before they even reached the line of scrimmage. The aggressive primary composed of Don Gleason, "Ape" Warren, "Tiger" Nichols Leo "Toothless" Evers, Henry Hmilieski, Frank Driscoll and "Rocky" Roth repelled each attack and came back for more! Passes were thrown by the varsity but more often than not they were intercepted or batted down by a clever defensive backfield. Beaumont, Costello, Norksey Gagnon, and Andersen were on the ball, and knew their football. Efforts to skirt the ends resulted in frustration. After observing many such scrimmages, many felt that if the fresh were given the opportunity to be on the offensive just once, they would demonstrate how an offense should be run! Many students would have liked to see the two teams meet in an actual contest. Some believed that the freshman could and would have won!

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This winter the fresh basketball team has been white hot. They have lost but a few contests, and their losses have been by a slim margin in each case. The members of the team work well together. Each seems to know what he is going to do at a given time, and why he is doing it. Each is conscious of the other four men on his team. Their passes click. Each member of the team is fast. McAuley, Gagnon, Norksye, Beaumont, Johnston and White have all been hooping a good amount of markers. The boys are "hot" under the hoop!!

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In winter sports besides basketball the Class of 1951 also has an abundant supply of talent. In the ski competition during Carnival Week, Dick Forland, Norm Lee, Chuck Taler, and others walked off with prizes. Hockey ability is also present in the Class of '51.

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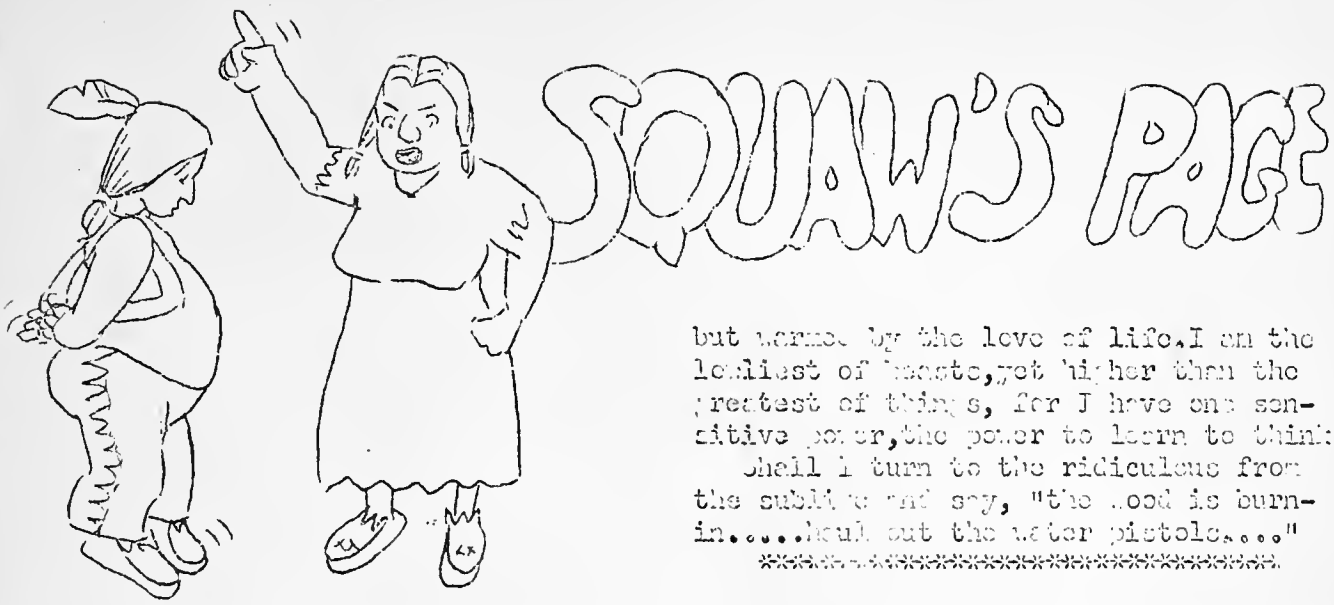
By now, some of you more perspicacious people have guessed the reason for this discussion is to show that the Class of '51 is THE class for athletes. Wait 'til next year. Watch our dust!!



FEMALE REFLECTIONS ON CLASS LECTURE.....

To begin with, I was late. My first lecture, and I'm off on the wrong foot. I took my seat-the same one I've been using for the past eighteen years-well to the side, since the members of the stronger sex had the choice center seats.

The lecture began with some deep discussion on the organization of facts, sensuous or otherwise, all of which simply floored me. I felt as though I were in deep water unable to swim. However, I jotted down bits of words here and there, made some very queer pictures, and when I put everything together, I had the game of anagrams. They say that anagrams was invented by the Chinese, or was it the Arabs? No know's. Perhaps I in my life after death, or was it before (I don't know which) did my share in adding to the jumbled confusion.

I cannot say at this point whether I am here, or somewhere in the vast eternity of time, for I may be in the fourth dimension, or somewhere equally as fascinating. Isn't it Shakespeare who said, "Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and fretts his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more"? I am so utterly and hopelessly confused that I do not know up from down.

Meanwhile, I shall reflect a bit on Dr. Torrey's views. I say reflect, because I am nothing but a mirrored image of my destiny, grotesque and distorted by my desires, torn asunder by love and hate, but warmed by the love of life. I am the lowliest of beasts, yet higher than the greatest of things, for I have one sensitive power, the power to learn to think.

Shall I turn to the ridiculous from the sublime and say, "the wood is burnin.....haul out the water pistols...."

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A great source of amusement for Lewis is the advent of Dr. Daiuties' hygiene class-I C HY . LLC 19-(sorry fellows). The lecture hall at Clark Hall is invaded by girls who wish to learn whether or not they have flat feet, or if the humorous is a joke or a bone in the arm. Say-my tarsals and metatarsals aren't working right on the ends of my tibio fibula...

Have you fellows heard? The telephone booth at Lewis has been fixed. That is, the door is now on and even closes.... shall we sling passionate love now or later?

The chem lab is a source of amazement nowadays. Since Prof. Nichason has worried one and all about the danger of working with strong bases and acids, spectacles have been present often in the lab. "I want to be alone....."

Kits off to our Freshman girls who took part in the modeling of the Fashion Show during the Winter Carnival Week. Three cheers for Joan, "Moofer, Lil, Pat, and Ann, who prove that beauty is not lackin in the Class of '51.

Speaking of clothes, we girls would like a few opinions on this New Look. How about a few letters to the editor, fellows?

Cheerio, pip pip till next time,

.....SKIP.....

(See next issue for remarks on H.L.)

CALLING LEWIS

If ever you find yourself without a thing to do, and wish to hear something of interest, sit yourself beside the phone booth and listen. It is quite thrilling to find how many different techniques our boys use in calling up the latest victims of their mad passions at Lewis.

Pre-phoning steps are much the same:

1. The crass swine first discusses his intentions with his friends or whoever will listen to him, mentioning casually the name of one of the more desirable members of the class.

2. He calls up some toothy buxom wench who might possible be desperate enough to go out with him. As each starts talking, he takes on the characteristics of the type of person he is portraying.

The Suave Don Juan....

"Hello? Might I speak to Cassandra Schmutz, please? Hello, Cassie. You're the prettiest girl on campus, so naturally I decided to....Who am I? Why this is John. You know, math. That handsome brute in the corner. No, not that one, the one beside him. Hello? Hello? Oh, I thought you'd hung up. You were thinking of it. Ha, ha, that's funny. Well, will you go to the Butterfield Dance with me? Just think, soft lights, the sweet music of the Nomads, and me in your arms. (sigh) Wonderful!! What, you're going home this weekend. You just received a long distance phone call as you were talking to me, and your mom is having triplets? Triplets of what? Oh, well, I guess you can't go then. So long. HEY! Wait a minute!..."

The Caveman.....

"Hi ya, babe, get your glad rags out, you're going to the Butterfield Dance with me. Of course, I can't dance, but can I sit them out! Ooh hoo hoooooooo! Honey, when I get my arms around you, you won't know what hit you. Boy am I strong. I press 120 easily at weight lifting. What, I couldn't lift you? Oh, well, I like my women plump. Tell, me do you drink? do you neck? do you..... You're the house mother????? Oh gosh....."

Long-Time Boyfriend...

Hello, Sal. We're going to the Butterfield Dance. Yeah, a band. Yeah, semi-formal. Wear the pink one. Yeah, refreshments, but this time try to take just one glass, not the whole jug of cider. We're not going down Johnnie Green's.- And I'm not buying you any flowers either. Anybody who does buy them is a jerk. Well, bring my math homework to class tomorrow, and this time try to have it done right....."

"ALL'S FAIR..."

The assistant-professor droned on. Some listened, but more were too busily occupied to hear much of what he said. Gladys was one who was not listening. How could she listen to the causes and results of the War of the Spanish Succession when she had such a vital issue confronting her.

It had taken a lot of finessing but at last she had it. It was a copy of a schedule of studies. After performing many complex mental computations, and her own schedule having been compared with the other, the dim light of comprehension slowly crept over her countenance and she smiled showing her pearly white teeth.

"This is it," said the sweet young thing to herself.

The assistant-professor droned on, but Gladyis was off in her own little universe. Suddenly her ethereal thoughts were interrupted by the mundaine blast of the bell ending the class.

Gladys hurried. She hooked her scarf around her neck; dove into her overcoat; grabbed her notebooks, pencils, and texts; and flashed out the door before the rest of the class had even risen from their seats. She had to hurry! Out the door she zoomed, the vacuum in her wake dragging dust and papers behind her. Down the steps she roared. The ice on the sidealks rather hampered her progress, but she still managed to keep up a blistering pace. (As I watched her, I realized that she could certainly make the varsity on any college cross-country squad.)

Now Stockbridge Hall and History 6 were far behind her and entirely out of her mind. Past the University Store, North College, Old Chapel, and Mem Hall she streaked, lengthening her stride as she found firmer footing on the sanded sidewalks. Then she suddenly slowed down to a leisurely nonchalant walk. Her heart was drumming at a fantastic rate; her breath was short. The scarlet flush in her face faded and her complexion once again was as near to "normal" as possible in her case. All of a sudden her heart stopped beating. Then it started up again at an even greater rate than before. It was certainly not a normal beat! It seemed that it was doing flip-flops, side-slips, and barrel-rolls all at once, for there he was in all his splendor with his maroon and white "M" sweater and everything. He was walking toward her from the P-E Building.

"Hi," said he awkwardly.

"Well, hello! answered Gladys summoning all her charm and courage and hoping that her words had registered surprise. "Fancy meeting you here! Where are you heading?" She was still breathing hard.

"I've got math scheduled for this hour."

"Well, that's coincidence-so have I."

They turned down the path in the direction of the Math Building. She was careful not to let him get too many steps in front of her. She began to breathe a little easier.

"What's new?" she asked.

"Not much."

"It is kind of dead around here these days," she agreed, "It seems that there is never anything to do on campus."

"Yup."

"What do you do with all your time?" she asked slyly.

"Not much."

"Don't you ever get bored?" She smiled sweetly and looked alluringly into his eyes.

"Yup."

"There's nothing doing tonight. It's too bad there isn't someplace to go tonight or something to do."

"Yup, it is."

"Say, come to think, it seems that there is going to be a party or dance at your frat house t o - night."

"Is there? At Kappa Sig?"

"I'm pretty sure," she said. "Do you like to dance."

"A little."

"I like to dance."

"You do?"

"Yes."

There was a silent pause as he devoured her baited hook.

"Say, you don't know it but you have just given me a v e r y bright idea for how to spend to-night."

"I have?" came the innocent query.

"Yup."

"What is it?"

"Well, could I... that is.. may I..."

"Yes? Yes?"

"What I'm trying to say is.. well, would it be asking too much if I asked you to attend t h e dance with me this eve?"

Her heart seemed to rotate radially using its aorta as an axis.

"Well, since you don't seem to have anything else to do to-night, okay. I should really stay home and wash my hair and rinse out a few things, but, OK."

His big dumb face lighted up like a reflector on a pin-ball machine. "Gee, thanks! I'll call for you at seven-thirty."

The trusting soul turned and disappeared into room "B". He did not notice the expression of cynicism and conceit that spread across Glady's face as he left. She wiped the perspiration from her brow.

What he did not know would not harm him.

** ** **

EVEN STEVEN

The three roommates pondered over the question whether they should go to the show go bowling, or stay in t h e dorm and study. At length one of them came up with a bright idea.

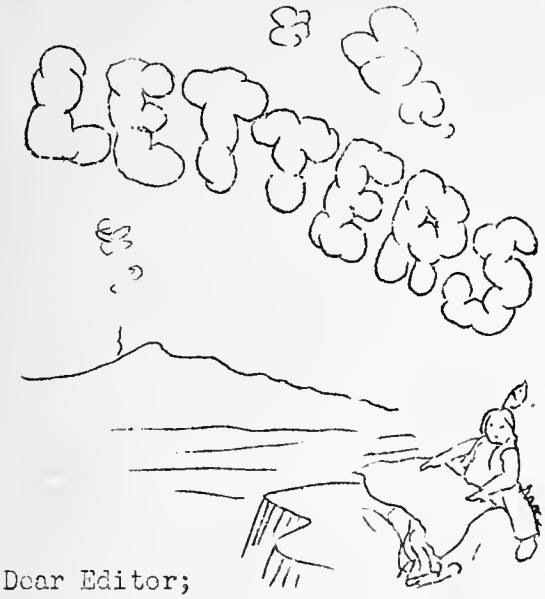
"Let's flip a coin," he suggested, "heads we go to the show, tails we go bowling, and if it stands on edge we study.

** ** **

CALL OUT THE BOYS

The girls, too, have their problems. The young ladies at Zeta, Theta, Data decided to take a vote as to what they should do to spend the even - ing. The motions were (1) Call up some boys to take the girls out; (2) Stay in and call the boys over; (3) Call the boys and let them settle the problem.

(Editor's Note- I wonder which won.)



Dear Editor;

Something must be done immediately to improve the unimpressive athletic records of the teams representing the University of Massachusetts! Whether the trouble lies in the quality of athletes enrolled here or in the coaching system should be determined soon , and action should be taken to improve conditions!

If the trouble in the situation is in the quality of the athletes enrolled, why not get on the ball and find some means of curing this unfortunate condition! Scholarship aid and special lower entrance requirements for athletes would certainly tend to attract sensational high school athletes - sports stars who are lacking either in money or an overabundant supply of "gray matter".

If, on the other hand, the problem is one of incapable coaching, why not hustle and do something about that! No matter how good or how bad the material may be for teams, the teams will go nowhere under a coaching system that is old-fashioned, weak, and retrograde; a coaching system that is deficient in ability in itself.

Whether the failure of U. of M. athletic squads is because of lack of good coaching, I do not know and, therefore, cannot say. However, something has to be done and done quickly. The faculty, athletic committee, and the student Senate should take this matter to heart and act in some way to see that the discouraging athletic records are improved in the future!

Sinserely yours,
Robert Doyle

……

Dear Friends;

Thank you is so inefficient a phrase yet it is all we can say to all of you who have so graciously aided us in making our magazine possible. We sinerely give thanks to Dr. Helming, without those helpful advice we would have been boggedh down without knowing where to turn; to Rev. Kenseth, for the use of his mimeograph machine and his time in explaining the machinations of printing an issue; to Dean Machmer for allowing us to go on with our plans; to the cafeteria staff, for letting us eat earlier, in order that we could collect money as the chow line went by; to Mr. Lane and Mr. Lee for not coming in too often too shush our oftentimes very noisy staff meetings; to the Freahmen, who showed their trust in our ability by contributing their dimes; and, last but hardly least, to the students in and out of the staff that have contributed to this issue's publication, or have listened patiently to our problems and tales of woewhen we were discouraged, and set us to rights again. Thanks is such a small word to say, but we mean it from the bottom of our crass ,mean, little hearts.

Passionately ....
Gin and Ox..........

* * *

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* * *

Dear guys,

You cannot all be satisfied. Why not write us your gripes so we Can print them, Hm?

* * *

POW-WOW

VOL. I - NO. 2
MARCH 10, 1948

EDITORIAL VIEWS

FRATERNITIES?

PRO FRAT... ....by "OX"

Fraternities are good for this campus.

A fraternity teaches students self-reliance and self government. Fraternities are composed of students who have chosen to live together and to co-operate with each other. The members work together voluntarily to keep their house in good condition. They are not supervised. Co-operation is voluntary. Her is one trait that will be beneficial in life after college.

Hell-Week may sound foolish to many non-fraternity students, and even to some members of frats, but such foolishness and nonsense on campus is what arouses that thing called "spirit". Projects and other Hell-Week activities should be held on campus when the student body can possibly have a laugh and at the same time obtain a greater appreciation of fraternities. Scholastic work should not be interfered with, however.

Fraternities have abundant parties and other affairs; there are many fraternities, and the majority of students are frat-men. The numerous dances give the majority of students a good time. What is best for the most is best.

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CON-FRAT... ....by "GIN"

Fraternities that are run on a basis of equality and friendship are an asset to the campus, but when certain frats are the cause of the complete lack of school unity, and, having no consideration for anyone but themselves, disturb dormitory study hours and break dormitory furniture that doesn't belong to them; when frats are known not for their accomplishments, but for their beer parties, and for how many brothers (and perhaps a sister or two) are too drunk to get home unassisted from a booze bingo; when during Hell-Week some assignments are handed out that Freud would attribute to a filth complex, and big brothers often make themselves hated rather than admired (this last statement gathered from hearing pledges talk); when frats reign so supremely that school activities must be held when they do not interfere with frat plans; then, things are going a bit too far.

SPORTS

FRESH TRACK

Here is another winning Freshman team. A few weeks ago, they beat Williston Academy and University of Connecticut. The team has a great deal of track talent and natural ability. Don Costello and Jimmy Greenberg, who had never run the hurdles before, have picked up valuable points in this event. A newcomer to the high jump also, "Costy" continually wins this event. Ray Willis is also a very handy man to have around. He is a consistent winner in the dash, the high hurdles, 440 yard run, relay, broad jump, and high jump. Busy man! "Tootsie" Martin of the chicken farm takes care of all the weight throwing events. He throws the 35lb weight and the shot put, annexing helpful points toward victory. Dougas, Hopkins, Chadwick, and Trombla work in the mile run, while Silver and Embler do well for themselves in the 440 and similar distances. Don Stowe has been great all season in the pole vault, winning against U. of Conn. and Amherst. Willis, Costello, Greenberg and Rossman keep the track hot in the 35 yd. dash. The team is undefeated this season.

It won't be long now before the Frosh will be eligible for Varsity competition. The Varsity may not actually need any new talent, but the new blood which will be supplied by the Class of '51 certainly cannot be detrimental.

CROSS COUNTRY

In our treatment of outstanding athletic teams in the last issue of Pow-Wow, we had too little space to discuss the cross country team of last fall. However this squad should not be overlooked. On the contrary, it should be noticed very definitely that the Frosh harriers went undefeated in their schedule, and made two perfect scores. Tony Dougas, Harry Hopkins, Charlet Blauer, Phil Collins, and Jim Chadwick all made points for U.M., with Dougas taking first place in all regular meets. Good going, men!

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It seems that the sports column in the last issue aroused quite a discussion, dissention, and approval when it compared the Frosh football team with the Varsity. It is good to see that there is some spirit on this campus.

A few students have voiced the opinion that this column was just so much hot air; others have stated that they liked the articles, and felt that they were doing something to pep up athletics (football in particular). Who is correct? There is no doubt that if students do become perturbed and aroused, the athletic situation at U.M. will be improved.

MARDI GRAS

Each dorm,frat,and sorority house is asked to contribute a booth for our coming Mardi Gras. A grand prize of 10 dollars in records will be given to the house with the winning booth.The only regulations are that they attract attention and raise money.Eight by eight lots will be provided in the drill hall,plenty of room to work out ideas.Booths may be put up between 3:30 and 7:30 PM on Friday,February 12th.

The Mardi Gras is sponsored by the Campus Chest with two purposes in mind:to provide some of the necessities of life for our fellow students in foreign countries as well as to give students a good time.There will be many attracations.If there is something you particularly want to do - poor professors - why not work it into your booth?At one college Mardi Gras,a booth was devoted to throwing soaked sponges at professors, and the idea wass carried as far as thwowing them at participants dates.Ideas could be borrowed from any carnival or circus and worked into unusual booths.

Don't sit back on your sacroiliac as is customary.A Butterfield kissing booth,or a Lewis dance of the seven veils would be unique.Put that grey matter to work on some brainstorms.

Originality and humor will rate high in attracting both the crowds and the prise.Every house can use that bunch of records so let's use the old Yankee Ingenuity.Here's a chance for another feather for the freshman War Bonnet!

To those Butterfield boys -- We're getting awfully sick of "O Solo Mio" and "I'm Looking Over A Four Leaf Clover"!

++++++++++++++++

"YEAH,SORORITIES"

Well it's all over now!The Freshman girls have decided finally they would or would not enter a sorority.but what a job it was to arrive at a verdict. The mail overflowing with meticulous white square envelopes,and invitations to teas and ice cream sodas made confusion the master at Lewis.Girls were screaming their heads off,wispering in corners and debating in their corridors.Stalking Lewisites continuously were sorority girls with their counterfeit beaming faces that were as glazed with sugar as a lollipop.

The most comical conditions of rushing occurred during the teas.For formal affairs the frosh adorned themselves in spectacular ballerina dresses and suede pumps,and threw on scads of jewelry - high school sorority pins mostly - to impress the upperclassmen.Waving appendages, flying coats,and flutterinf accesories breezed thru the reception rooms.How hard it was to maintain a natural,bored expression while trying to create a favorable impression!

At informal teas no one wondered about crooked stocking seams or clean ears.An air of complete frendliness was achieved. If a rushee desired to digest and assimilate all the food on sight,that was all right.It was all in the sister racket here.

The boys had brew to tempt them, the girls had only food.

Tension developed and strain appeared on the surface as Thursday's "Closed Date" approached. "Will I get an invitation?","Did Marybelle mind when I spilt coffee on her?" Everyone was in a dizzy fizzy.

Then came the time for the momentous decision.Many girls could not decide between fraternities and sororities.After long hours of discussion,however,the decision was reached.The girls would join sororities -- except Skip, who was still interested in fraternities --

Then came the fateful night. As each epistle was opened cries of ecstacy,woe,or just plain "Oh Hell's" were heard.Girls rolled around on the floor,girls tore their hair -- some even did home work!

Finally the girls could proudly say,"I am a sister!"/What do they want to be,grandfathers?/

++++++++++++++++

SHURE AND BEGORRA

"Drop that orange juice you scab, it's Saint Patrick's Day!" Ah,yes,the day of days is rolling up once more -- when all the O' Keefes,O'Malleys,and O'Sophie pull down the shower curtain,someone's looking in the window .... O'Scuse me --wash up for the year and step forth,confidant, gay,and without their homework done as usual.

To achieve the ultimate effect in Irishness takes studied concentration,however first of all comes appearance.An all over green effect is absolutly necessary. If all you have is white shirts, leave them in a moist place so that they can become green with mold.This also gives the right smell - O'Diferous.

Another way to be a wearer of the green is to ransack your neighbor's room while he's out.

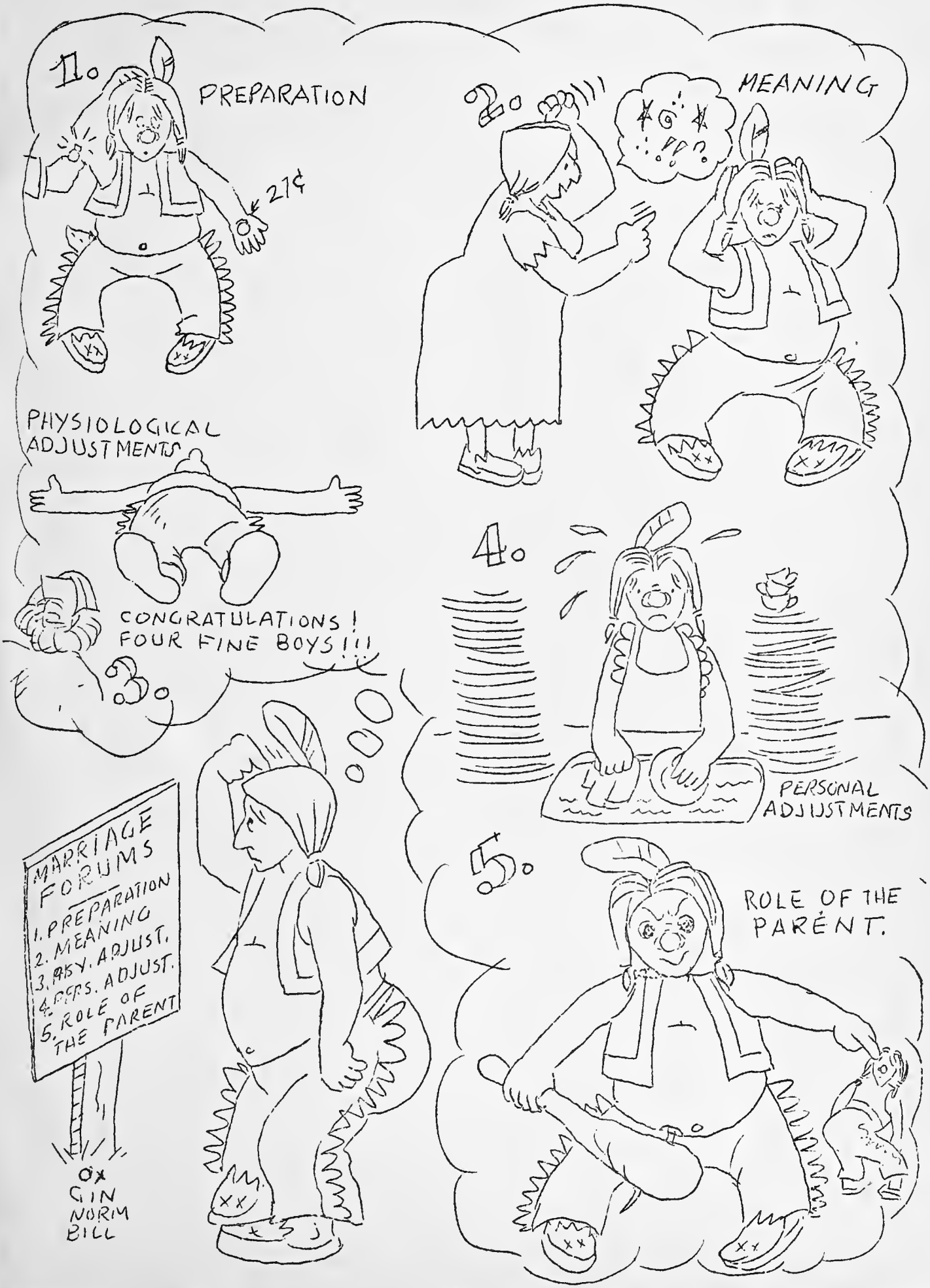
For that vital green around the gills look a trip to Johnnie Greens is suggested.A singapore sling with a Barcardi Punch as chaser,plus a Sazarac Coctail,topped by a Tom Collins,and all washed down with a mocha-malted double-scoop-frappe-float with an egg did -- I mean will do the trick./Pardon me while I burp reminescently!/

With styles as vac illating as they are it would be a novel idea to bring about green in make up fashions.Chartreuse Desire,or Verdant Passion pancake makeup would be crassly quaint.Green toenails are also a sure means of arousing interest from the opposite sex.

Last but not least to consider are these persons with so-called red,but actually - you should excuse the expression-orange hair.Here drastic steps must be taken...keep away you fellows,it's brown you see up there.

The most patriotic will probably dye their hair a brilliant emerald.To those other low,contemptible,crass,lowly,miserable, dogmatic persons there is but one thing to say.In that imitable Irish brogue - "Oy,dropping dead, you should only!"

IT LOOKS LIKE "I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR LEAFED ~~CLOVER~~ SHAMROCK"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21¢
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PHYSIOLOGICAL ADJUSTMENTS
CONGRATULATIONS! FOUR FINE BOYS!!!
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PERSONAL ADJUSTMENTS
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1. PREPARATION
2. MEANING
3. PHY. ADJUST.
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ROLE OF THE PARENT.
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WHAT IS YOUR OPINION OF THE "NEW LOOK"

JOE DURANT --
"Why hide the best part of women?"

UGGY COLE --
"To the minority it's a blessing, but to the majority it's a curse."

ARNOLD BARR --
"Since the coming of the new look, I never know whether I'm out in a movie with my girl or her grandmother!"

DON COSTELLO --
"I like it at social affairs, such as dances, but I don't like it as everyday wear."

BOB ROSSMAN --
"A girl's face is her fortune, and often runs into a nice figure -- so why hide it?"

PHIL GOLDMAN --
"In this age of advancement, with things such as atom power and television, why do the girls go back to the 16th century styles? Legs are to be seen, not imagined."

CHARLES MERGARIAN --
"An excellent example of the saying " What fools these mortals be!"

JIMMY GRANBERG --
"At the right time, on the right girl, at the right place, I like the 'New Look'."

TOM PENTLEBERRY --
"A disgusting example of regressive evolution."

ALEX NORSKY --
"I like it ---it adds a touch of maturity to a girl."

JOHN GUMAN --
"One thing in it's favor is that the longer the skirt, the slower the girl can run."

DON STONE --
"The new look makes a change in clothes,
The longer the dress the less one knows."

CHARLIE TAYLOR --
"Contrary to popular belief, one can have too much of a good thing."

AL GOVERNOR --
"A good replacement for snuggies."

JIM STAPLETON --
"If a girl has a well rounded personality why cover it up? Why be a slave to convention. Wear tights!"

AL CURCOTTE --
"I think it makes a girl more feminine."

JERRY BENIGN --
"Just like prohibition...The joints are still there, but they are harder to find."

DAN DIAMOND --
"The coming of the new look will be of great advantage to the weaker sex. By lending increased femininity and poise, it will create a more refined atmosphere."

GORDON FRANCIS --
"Don't worry fellows, it can't last ...girls never can make up their minds."

JACK BRODY --
"The new look is doing a lot for some women...the others don't need it!"

CHIEF SUCCOTASH - "UGH!!"

ON ALLIGATORS

There appeared in a recent issue of LIFE MAGAZINE a short section about two old biddies who kept live,slimy,crawling alligaters for pets.The creatures' names were Peter,William,and Peggy.What is due next in this foolish and confused world? I personally can think of greater things to do with alligators than to keep them for pets!

If I owned an alligator,the first thing I would do is teach him to act vicious,I would then chain him outside my door.Maybe then some of the rabble-rousers would cease to cause noise and confusion near my room.

An alligator might also come in handy for washing and waxing the floor.Some lazy but ingenious students could tie a soggy,soapy old rag on the end of the animal's tail and then drag a hunk of meat along the floor just in front of him.The alligator would wag his tail at the sight of the meat -- if alligators do wag their tails and would thereby wash the floor. This is of course a radical idea, but it sounds like a boon to those who desire to remain in an incumbent position as much as possible.

Alligator stew could be a fine supplement for some of the meals dished out on this campus.Alligator stew has a very unsavory flavor,I think,but it certainly could not taste worse than these creamed dead amoebas we've been getting.

After making the alligator stew,all that would be left of the beast would be his skin.Here anyone with an imagination will find innumerable possibilities. A covering for a hip flask made from genuine alligator is something to cherish for a lifetime.

If at all possible,I,myself, would like to have nothing to do with the slimy amphibians!Those old gais can keep their William, Peter,and Peg as far as I'm concerned!I would,however,like to set free a couple of maneaters on some of the practical joking chaos creaters around Butterfield.

++++++++++++++++++

PIERRE SAYS

By gar,spring she is jump along purdy quick an' dese here fellow who feesh all ze time get ready for ze beeg season.Dat is ver' suspensive job -- ver' hard on ze pocketbook.

Firs' wan mus' have ze feesh chapeau,ver' old an' batter' - wizout shape since ze time of ze French an' Indian War.Dis mus' have no less dan twen'y fly wich wan never use to catch ze feesh. If such a chapeau ees impos' to get -- can be duplicitated wiz a new wan having a T boned steak sew in ze crown an' trowed to 6 dog in neighbor kennel.

T'ree feesh pole is ver' neccessair.You mus' have wan to feesh wiz,an' at leas' two to prove dat you have more dan one.

For ze lure to use,you mus' have at leas' t'irty of ze ver' best,but more is more better. Naturalement you mus' stop in ze town before you leave for ze feesh trip --Nom-de-non!Wan can not be catch wizout ze lates' an' newes' whatzis on ze market!

In addition to ze usual lure, is ver' ver' helpful I have find to have some refreshment liquice along wiz you wen out in ze bateau.

Is not ver' import' where you go to feesh,for eet was but yesterday zat dey bite where you go,or else zey weel not be bite dere 'til ze week after you have leave.

Now my frens,I am ver' smart man.I tell you wan good idea. Wen you come back from ze feesh trip,stop at ze feesh store for a frenly visit wiz ze feesh man. Remember tho',zat ze place were ze mackril an' ze hornpout is grow in ze same water is ver' ver' rare.

SQUAW PAGE

LEWIS DANCE ASUCCESS

"Although dorm dances ,as a rule aren't very sucessful,this one went over in a big way." said one of the chaperones at the Lewis Dance on Saturday evening,February 28th.Soft lights(Not too many however),pleasant surroundings,with fine decorations and music by big name bands (via electric phono)made the evening enjoyable for the seventy-five odd couples.(ed. note, - How odd?)

Refreshments consisted of pineaple sherbert served from cut glass punch bowls,and ginger ale.The chaperOnes were served penuche and other refreshments.(ed. note - Brew?)

For a few glimpses of the dance turn the clock back as the strains of "Dance Ballerina Dance" permeate the air.Under the watchful eye of host and hostess Gene Driscoll and Rena Murphy,the handsome couples danced amourously.To those who know mad passion best,however,it was sitting out two to one.One of the girls tells me there was no necking in the corner -- wonder what corner she was in ?

In general,the dance was a grand success,with everyone enjoying themselves completely.Ah,men,they're such beasts but one can't get along without them.huh girls,

** ******** *******

SHALL WE PEEK ?

Greetings,gate,let's skate - that is - er - I mean - How do you do ladies and gentlemen?Pardon me while I squat and peek through the key hole of #51UM.

See where certain corners of the Libe aren't used for studying any more.I'ts getting to be a regular date bureau.

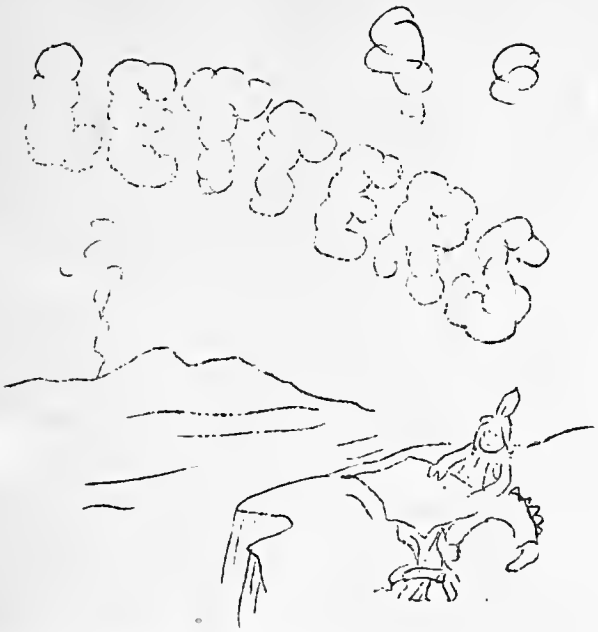
Needed:one engineering major. Wanted: a heated tunnel underground from Lewis to Draper,or at least a conveyor belt so that the girls won't be blown away in transit.

Lament Of The Term Paper Writer
"TO soon,too soon,the night turns
to grey,
And morning guilds the sky.
I have 3,000 more words to do,
Oh me,oh me,oh my!"

Study hours shattered.Quiet hours there are none.Members of the faculty have been imposing,or is it exposing to us the mystery of logarithms.Many math books have been hurled at the walls and a good many pencils worn out because an answer was 63°48'19" by the answer table and 63°48'16" by the worker.I shall sit by the fire and knit.

COMING - EASTER PARADE!!!
A fashion feature just for you girls.When? Next issue - don't miss it.

Overheard in a bull session - "Why doesn't the freshman class act as a whole? It's so uncoordinated.It seems a shame that our freshman class which seems to have as the Collegian puts it,"that intangible something called school spirit" can't function through our officers as a high geared,efficient machine.



To the Editors of Pow-WoW:

Say, we just heard that many of the Butterfield inmates were very anxious to attend the Lewis Hall dance! It's the same old story. Boy meets girl, boy wants invitation -- but this isn't all. Maybe there's some definite reasons behind the lack of frosh invitations. "Smith", of course is one of the most important. Also, girl meets boy, but no invitation from boy. The boys must be loyal to their own. What girl will ever give a fellow a tumble who has never utilized an opportunity for a date? It is true that "Variety is the spice of life", but just gaze around our own campus and notice the glamor pusses you have never met.

Along with the date question comes the old feeling of constraint and tension. Between members of the opposite sexes. Who says that if a fellow asks out an interesting female it means that he has a mad, passionate love for her? Why must the girls feel like artificial dummies when they pass a male (Cont.)

* * *

To Future Maroon Key members:

It has been brought to the attention of the Pow Wow staff that the present members of the

friend and greet him with a bright smile? The whole solution lies in the word "friend" and the connotation we give it. Let's all have boys who are friends and girls who are friends, not just boyfriends and girlfriends.

Ruth Camann

* * *

To the Maroon Key --

The first issue of Pow Wow was used to tear down whatever possible. Since after the desecration comes the restoration, we would like to make some amends. In our first heat of publication we did not mention the grand job you boys did in caring for visiting teams. This unspectacular yet necessary task was carried out exceedingly well, and for it you deserve much credit. The Pow Wow staff humbly apologises for this oversight and hopes in the future that we may work together, since our aims, though approached in different manner, are basicly the same. The staff also hopes that, in admitting they are somewhat short of infallible, they may set a precedent that is quite necessary on campus.

Sorry boys,

Ox & Gin

* * *

STAFF

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Business Manager: Norman Lee
Associat Manager: Ruth Crowell
Women's Editor: Dianne Stead
Staff: William Starkweather, David Tavel
Contribution to this issue: Ruth Camann

* * *

Maroon Key intend to indoctrinate you members of our class who have been elected into this society in the correct procedures for taking care of visiting teams, and other helpful teachings that will enable you to be top notch performers in the coming year. This aid so willingly extended should not be taken lightly. It will be invaluable to you. Go to it, fellers. #51